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Title: The Past Returns

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I so love it when  
everything goes about as  
planned. I stood within  
the underground research  
facility that lay beneath  
Skara Brae Trammel. It  
had been created shortly  
after my coming to  
power in this silly hamlet,  
and would play a vital  
role in the coming days.  
The sheep of Skara  
Brae were more effective  
workers then I could have  
ever dreamed, even though  
they had no a choice in  
the matter. The  
production of the four  
was well on schedule...  
Once they were completed  
and activated then it  
would only be a matter  
of time...

I let loose a laugh and  
returned to surface. As I  
was walking towards my  
town hall, a man became  
visible in the streets as  
he stood directly in front  
of me. He was an  
average size man with  
light blond hair. He looked  
to be that of a young  
man, yet it seemed that  
anger filled his eyes. He  
held a sword in his right  
hand as I became more  
visible to him. I could  
already tell he was  
another one of those  
foolish rats that would  
challenge me.

"Out of the way, little  
rat!" I demanded of him.

His eyes glared at me

with no words. I waited  
for a few moments to  
see what sort of  
nonsense he would spew  
forth. Was he here to  
avenge loved ones that  
died due to my actions?  
Or maybe he was some  
sort of hero who needed  
to make a name for  
himself? Perhaps he was  
a mere loon?

"My name is Teth Corwin.  
And I am here to give  
warning to you, the  
butcher of Skara Brae."

A loon, it seemed.

I gave the young man a  
small smile and replied:  
"So you have come to  
bring me a warning. How  
thoughtful of you for  
doing so. Get on with it  
then. You are wasting  
the seconds by standing  
there."

His facial expression did  
not change the slightest.  
"The past should not be  
forgotten nor will it  
forgive... Your entire  
life has been nothing but  
a mockery... Had it not  
been for him then you  
would have remained  
nothing but trash on  
the streets of Vesper..."  
He said as the anger  
drained from his face to  
that of sadistic pleasure.

How dare this rat speak  
to me like this... How  
dare he... He should be  
set to flames for this  
display of stupidity!

"You dare?! You filth-  
covered rat! You come  
into my domain armed and  
then you wish to fling  
such trash at me!  
Prepare yourself for a  
most valuable lesson in

suffering and despair..."

I raised my hand and pointed towards the young man. Flames spewed forth from my hands, engulfing him. I let loose laughter when I saw the flames take hold of him. His death was at hand and soon he would be nothing more than a pile of burning flesh...

Or so I thought...

It was with a mere second and the flames that were engulfing him were no more. He stood there looking and let loose a dark, inhuman laughter... One of which I had not heard of for ages...

"Still the fool, boy... Thinking that the apprentice can best the master..." came from the young man, but it was no longer his voice...

"W... Who are you?" I asked in fear of what I thought was true...

"I am the one who bestowed the gifts of the Art upon you... The one who sent you on the task of seeking out the Skull so very long ago... I am Monric... And I have come so that you might return my gifts to me!"

This could not be...

"Soon Artisem... Soon... The powers I bestowed upon you those many years ago will be mine once again... Anything that you have learned or gained since then will also become mine... Because

you belong to me..."

He then slowly  
disappeared into nothing  
without a sound... His  
eyes gazing upon me as  
if a father was soon to  
discipline his child...

And soon he was gone...

I stood in the streets of  
Skara Brae...

For the very first time...

I was terrified...